

Brave hearts were those from Erin's warm
And genial clime to dare
The furrowed face of famine, while
Athwart the wintry air,
The fearful wraith of frost and snow
Waved threateningly "Beware!"

So was the battle joined, and man
Weak—yet invincible,
With axe and lever, chain and torch,
Upon the forest fell;
And the forest faded from his face.
As a fire unquenchable!

Through the long days and long, long years,
The ceaseless fight went on;
The ring of sturdy blows awoke
The wintry woods at dawn;
And the glowing log-pile lit the gloom
When the summer day was gone.